

THE
COBLER
OF
PRESTON,
A
FARCE.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

Written by Mr. *Christopher Bullock.*

The FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for S. BLADON, at the *Paper Mill*
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(Price Six Pence.)

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THEATRE
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Written by Mr. George B. Shaw.

The First Edition.

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THE
P R E F A C E.

Y Writing this Farce has, I
am inform'd, very much diso-
Mblig'd the Managers of the o-
ther Theatre, and provok'd an
Ingenious Author to make
the Town merry with a witty
Advertisement in their Bills, viz. That a
new Farce, call'd, the *Cobler of Preston* was
then in Rehearsal at that Theatre, and
wou'd be play'd in a few Days; so that no
other Company could have any part of the
said Farce but the Name—— The Conceit is
admirable, I vow, and finely penn'd, in imita-
tion of the Stile of our Modern Quacks——Be-
ware of Counterfeits.

*But if the Author of the Cobler of Preston
meant by this to let the Town know, I had not
taken any of his Wit or Language into mine, ra-*

ther than any Person shou'd have entertain'd the least suspicion of that, had he come to me, I would readily have set my Name to his Advertisement. But let the Town be Judges, whether I have nothing of the Farce but the Name. I believe it will appear I have the Story as it was wrote by Shakespear in the Taming of the Shrew; and part of his Language I have made use of, with a little Alteration (which, for the satisfaction of my Readers, I have distinguish'd by this Mark " before each Line) and I hope I may be allow'd (without Offence) to take Shakespear's Tinker of Burton-Heath, and make him the Cobler of Preston, as well as another: for no single Person has yet pretended to have a Patent for plundering Old Plays, how often soever he may put it in practice.

O! but it seems there was a Grand Design in it; which, I warrant, the Town will be so innatur'd to conclude was Self-Interest; tho' others have not scrupled to say (from the scope of some Reflections, pretty plentiful sprinkled thro' the Farce) that it was penn'd for the particular Service of a Party: but these Gentlemen, I am afraid, did not think they were at the same time satirizing the said Party, when they gave out that a Farce was to defend their Proceedings. But if the Author only meant to cut bold Strokes, I cannot help judging upon the whole, that Writer's

The P R E F A C E.

ter's Wit must be sure at a low Ebb, which can only be supported by one Party for railing at another: and how beneath the Dignity of a Theatre such sort of Writing is, I leave to the Determination of the Unbias'd.

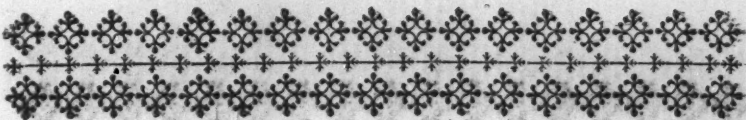
I hope I shall not be severely accus'd for following the Example of my Cotemporaries, in diverting the Town with other Peoples Writings, and endeavouring to acquire the Name of a Poet by transcribing from other Mens Plays, as a certain Author has done before me; to whom I cannot forbear giving my Friendly Advice, for the future to take Pains——labour hard——hard——sweat at it——and as Mr. Bayes says; eat stew'd Prunes: I wou'd have him set Inventions to work, and let his next Design be intirely new, or perhaps my Design may jump with his, and give it the SLIP.

If I have disobliged (as I am inform'd I have) the Managers of the other Theatre, particularly Mr. Wilks, I am very sorry for it; since I do not know any Actor in either House, that I have a greater Respect for; and I shall never be asham'd to confess the Obligations I have to him, for his good Instructions to me in my Business (which he was at all times ready to give me) and to which I shall always think my Success in it is chiefly owing. But as I am engag'd in this Theatre, (and have received great Kindnesses from Mr.

Rich the Master of it) I am surpriz'd that my Endeavours to support its Interest shou'd be urg'd against me for a Crime; since what I have done, was ever practis'd when there were Two Companies, tho' never till now thought Injustice; it being only look'd on, as intercepting of Ammunition going to the Enemy, and afterwards employing it against them. 'Tis true, I did hear, there was a Farce in Rehearsal at Drury-Lane Theatre, call'd The Cocker of Preston, and that it was taken from the fore-mentioned Play of Shakespear's: I thought it might be of as good Service to our Stage as the other; so I set to work on Friday Morning the 20th of January, finish'd it on the Saturday following, and it was acted the Tuesday after: which Expedition, I hope, will be an Excuse for the many Faults that are in it.

7 AP 62

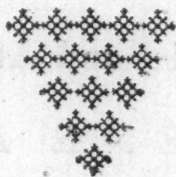
P R O.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Bullock, Jun.

*THO' this our Farce bears such a Name to-
night,
Some Heads, brim-full of Politicks, t'invite;
You'll find (at last) we took some prudent Care,
Not to run head-long on a Party-Snare.
No—tho' our Scene's at Preston, we've no Plot,
But what Old Shakespear made--toridicule a Sot.
Indeed I can't deny——
But the Under-plot was laid with a Design
To please some Friends—and draw the Vulgar in.
If we succeed in this contracted Play,
We care not what the other House shall say:—
If you consent, tho' they his Right disown,
We'll vouch the Cobler came from Preston Town.*



Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir <i>Jasper Manley</i> , a Country Gentle- man,	}	Mr. <i>Ogden</i> .
<i>Clerimont</i> , another Country Gentle- man,		Mr. <i>Coker</i> .
<i>Toby Guzzle</i> , a drun- ken Cobler,	}	Mr. <i>Spiller</i> .
<i>Snuffle</i> , a Puritian,		Mr. <i>Bullock</i> , Jun.
<i>Grist</i> , a Miller		Mr. <i>Bullock</i> , Sen.
Huntsman,	}	Servants to Sir <i>Jasper</i> .
Butler,		
Cook,		
Servant,		
Maid,		Mrs. <i>Garnet</i> .
Dame <i>Hacket</i> , an Ale- Wife,	}	Mr. <i>Hall</i> .
<i>Dorcas Guzzle</i> , the Cobler's Wife,		Mr. <i>Griffin</i> .

Constable, and Attendants.

S C E N E *Preston.*



THE
COBLER
OF
PRESTON,

SCENE, *A Field.*

Enter Guzzle, drunk.

XXXXXXXXXXXX
E XXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXXXX
GAD, Mother *Hacket's* Ale is notable Stuff, poz-rozze-tively! I am quite stich'd up: I have got my Skin full of good Liquor, Faith, if I can carry it home without spilling, and not like a stubborn Pair of Boots go awry.—By the Mafs, I think it is high time to be at home too, for the Sun has been up this half hour.—Egad I wonder my *Dorcas* has not been to lug me home by the ears afore now—Speak of the Devil, and presently comes my Wife. [*Enter Dorcas Guzzle.*

Dor. So you drunken Beast, are you reeling home but now?

Guz. You see, my Dove, I keep early Hours—But thou art a very good Wife——Go thy ways home, and put the Meat in the Pot, and I'll take a Nap till Dinner-time.

B

Dor

Dor. The Meat in the Pot ! put your own Calves-Head in the Pot, you Beast : Who have you been with all Night ?

Guz. Rare Company, Girl, The Miller, the Excise-man, the Curate, and I, have been at Whisk all night, at Dame *Hacket's*—Special Ale, special Ale, *Dorcas*—And after we had done Cards, the *Glover* came in, and he and I went at it, *Hand to Foot*.

Dor. I may well be poor, an you keep such Company ; but I'll make you change your Course of Life : I did not marry you for this, you idle Rogue ; 'tis well known I had Twenty good Pounds to my Portion, Sirrah, Sirrah.

Guz. Dear *Dorcas*, thou art a Wench of such a *Leathern* Disposition, that all good Counsel goes against the *Grain* with thee ; prithee let me stamp a good Consideration or two on thee--Know then a Sole is made harder by thumping, and that I have been so us'd to the Clamour of thy Tongue, that now, like a Smith's Dog, I can sleep under an Avil.

Dor. Ah you wicked Rogue, don't you think to go to the Devil with the Trade you drive ? All *Preston* rings of your Wickedness : Do you ever go to Church, you Heathen ?

Guz. No, but I sit up three Nights a Week with the Curate, and that's as bad—But prithee Honey, go home ; I'll but step back to Dame *Hacket's* to fetch my Tobacco-Box, and follow thee straight. All shall be well, and I will put my Life in *Repair*.

Sings.

I tell you that

We know not at

What moment Life is dated,

That all must mend

Before their End,

For they must be translated.

Good *Dorcas* go thy ways, I will mend, for I find it
boots

The Cobler of Preston.

11

boots not to dally, Time is on the *Spur*, Opportunity will not long *last*, the *Thread* of Life does *wax* shorter, Death will give every Man a fore *Punch*, and then his *Worst* is at an *End*. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Hacket and Guzzle.

Hack. Sirrah, I say pay your Reckoning, I'll be no longer fobb'd off with a Tale of to-morrow--pay me to day, you had best. Let me see, first for Ale one Shilling and five Pence, for Brandy one Shilling and eight Pence; for Red Herrings, Bread, Cheefe, and Tobacco, one Shilling and eight Pence more: then here's the Mugs and Glassies you broke in your drunken Fits, and a Score of the last Week's, Sirrah, of two Shillings and a Penny; pay it me, you had best now. Here have I sate all Night long, breaking my Rest, and wasting my Firing: How shall my Landlord or Malster come paid at this rate?

Guz. "I—hic—I say be quiet, or I'll pheize you, you Jade."

Hack. "You! Marry an you pay me not, a Pair of Stocks shall be for you, you Rogue."

Guz. You are a Baggage and you lye, I am no Rogue, but honest *Toby Guzzle*, the one-ey'd Cöbler of *Preston*, in *Comitate Lancashire*, and can pay your Score off, with a *wet Finger*. Our succeeding Ancestors, before us, were Gentlemen; we are ascended of the antient *Dutch* Family of the *Myn-beer Van Belch and Guzzles*. It was my Aunt's Uncle's Father's Great-Grandfather, that got Pot-valiant with *Darby Ale*, and slew the Dragon of *Wantley*.

Hack. Come, come, you Sot, will you pay me the Reckoning?

Guz. "No-not a Soufe, to-day" hic—not a Grig-Zoons, hold your Clack; an honest Fellow can't drink a Cup of Ale and be merry, but you must spoil his

sport with your damn'd ill-contriv'd Jade's Tricks--
Go get another Flaggon of Ale, and learn how to be
civil to your Betters---you shall be paid upon the
Word of a Gentleman.

Hack. You a Gentleman, you Scoundrel! but
I'll make you pay me, " I'll fetch the Headborough
" to you.

Guz. You may fetch the *Wheelbarrow* if you
please, but I had much rather you'd fetch some
more Ale.

Sings. *When as King Henry rul'd the Land,*
The second of that Name,
Besides the Queen he dearly lov'd
A fair and comely Dame.——

Give me some more Ale, and Pipes and Tobacco.
[*Sits down.*]

Sings. *My Lodging it is on the Cold Ground,*
And very hard is my Fare;
The Unkindness of —Hic—my Dear—
Where's this Ale?—— [Falls asleep.]

Enter Sir Jasper, Clerimont, Huntsmen and Servants.

Sir Jasp. " This Morning has produc'd us glo-
" rious Sport, sure fleetest Dogs ne'er ran: Sirrah
" take care they are well fed to-day, to-morrow I
" intend to hunt again.

Huntsf. They shant want my Care, Sir?

Sir Jasp. " Who's this lies here?

Cler. One either drunk or dead.

Huntsf. " He breathes, I'm sure.

Sir Jasp. " Were he not warm'd with Ale, this
" were a cold Bed to sleep so sound on. What say
" you, *Clerimont*, shall I send him home, have him
" wash'd clean, and stript of these filthy Rags, and
" when he awakes fix some sham Title of a Lord up-
" on him, my Servants to attend and serve him, a
" rich

“ rich Sute to have him dress’d in, a Banquet ready,
“ dy, Music and Wine to entertain him? He’d
“ make Sport that wou’d be worth the trouble.

Cler. I can’t suppose he would believe his Senses.

Sir Jasp. “ Convey him gently to my Chamber,
“ take care you wake him not.

Huntsf. “ Yes, Sir, we’ll play our parts with such
“ diligence, he shan’t suppose himself less than
“ we’ll call him.

Sir Jasp. “ Away with him then; I’ll overtake
“ you. Let one of the Maids be dress’d like his
“ Lady to entertain his Lordship—Go, I’ll be
“ with you, and give you farther Instructions.

[*Exeunt. They carry him off*

Enter Dorcas Guzzle and Dame Hacket.

Dor. In plain terms you know where my Husband is; you have conceal’d him; he has been all Night along with you, to what end I know not, but I am afraid none of the best: he comes not so often to your House for nothing; this is now the fifth time within this Fortnight he has been shrouding his Roguery under your wing the whole night together, leaving his lawful Occasions undone, and neglected the Wife of his Bosom without the Comforts of Wedlock: In short, Dame *Hacket*, I’ll bear it no longer.

Hack. Marry come up, I all Night with your Husband! I all Night with him! I have brought my Hogs to a fine Market indeed, to take up with such a Fellow as he is. No, I’d have you to know I scorn your words: I am a Woman of Reputation in my Calling, I lie upon a good Feather-Bed, have Ale in my Cellar, and Money in my Purse, and want nothing such a Rascal can help me to.

Dor. Don’t call him Names, don’t I say; I’d have you to know he’s no Rascal: you know that as well

as I; and that's the reason you hide him from me.

Hack. I hide him! hang him: Here he has run up a Score of above seven Shillings, and pays me nothing; he eats up my Meat, drinks up my Drink, and the Devil a Farthing comes: I'd have you to know I want no such Customers, and if he comes to my House again, I'll comb his Head with a three-footed Stool.

Dor. You comb his Head!—you claw his Elbow. Tho' I am his Wife, and may correct him by Authority my self, yet nobody else shall: the Man is a pains-taking Man in his Calling; and if it were not for such Jades as you, wou'd be a Husband good enough.

Hack. An you defame me, I'll take the Law of you; I'll to Sir *Jasper's*, and have his Warrant for you, Huffy.

Dor. Do if you dare; I'll trounce you for keeping my Husband from me, you may have murder'd him for ought I know, you Whore.

Hack. Bear witness; an it cost me forty Shillings I'll deal with you: A Whore; Huffy, I am as honest a Woman as any's in *Preston*, and a stirring Woman too, that will leave no Stone unturn'd to get a Penny——But remember what you call'd me; I'll have a Warrant for you, Huffy. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Guzzle upon a Couch, in a Silk Night-Gown, Servants attending him.

Guz. “ Some small Ale, Mother *Hacket*, some small Ale, I say.

Butler. “ Will your Lordship be pleas'd to drink a Glafs of Sack?

Cook. “ Will your Honour be pleas'd to taste of these Conserves?

Serv. 3.

Serv. 3. " Will your Honour be pleas'd to drefs ?
" What Sute will you have brought you ?

Guz. " Sute ! " at whose Suit ?

Serv. " Yes my Lord ; the Velvet or the Cloth
" Sute you wore Yesterday !

Guz. " Why prithee I am honest *Toby Guzzle* ;
" call not me Honour, nor Lordship, I ne'er Drank
" Sack nor wore Velvet in my Life ; and if you
" give me any Conserves, give me Conserves of Beef
" or Pork : and for Choice of Clothes, I have none ;
" I have no more Doublets than Backs, no more
" Stockings than Legs, nor more Shoes than Feet ;
" nay sometimes I have more Feet than Shoes ; or such
" Shoes as my Toes look through the upper Leathers.

Enter Sir Jasper and Clerimont.

Sir Jasp. " Health to your Lordship.

Guz. Fox take you all for a parcel of mad Fools.
Lordship yes, I am a Lord indeed ; but such a Lord
as the Devil ne'er saw. What a plague is the matter
with you all ? and what do you mean ? and where
am I ?

Sir Jasp. " Heaven cease this idle Humour in
" your Honour ! Oh, that a Man of such Descent
" of such Possessions, and of so much Honour,
" should be so Lunatic, so lost in Madness !

Guz. " Why, you go the way to make me mad
" among you : What a plague wou'd you persuade
" me to ? Am not I *Toby Guzzle*, old *Guzzle's* Son
" of *Burton Heath*, by Birth a Pedlar, by Education
" a Cow-keeper, by Transmutation a Carter, and
" now by present Profession a Cobler ? Why ask
" *Cicely Hacket*, the fat Ale-Wife of *Preston*, if she
" know me not, and says I am not fourteen Pence
" on the score with her for sheer Ale, " I'll be
hang'd with all my Soul in my own *Stirrup* at last :
Foot ! here's a do !

B 4

Cler.

Cler. " This 'tis which make your Lady weep
 " and mourn, your Friends forsake you, and the
 " busy World a Stranger to your Worth.

Butl. " This 'tis that makes your faithful Ser-
 " vants droop.

Guz. A plague confound you, tell me where I am,
 how I came hither, who has put this gay Kickshaw
 on my back, and what you design to do with me.

Sir Jasp. " Let me intreat your Lordship be com-
 " pos'd; your Kindred shun your House, as beaten
 " hence by your strange Lunacy. Good noble Lord
 " bethink you of your Birth, call home your antient
 " Thoughts from Banishment, and banish hence those
 " lowly abject Dreams; look on these Persons that
 " attend to serve you, each in his Office, ready at your
 " Call: we pray you eat and drink, and call for Mu-
 " sic; we'll have a thousand Entertainments for you,
 " to divert and soften the Effects of this sad Malady.

Guz. Well, if I must eat and drink, I must: nay,
 to say truth, I'm never very averse to that--Come, the
 Sack you talk'd of---Call you these Conserves, ha?
 Nay, they may be so for ought I know, I have no
 great Judgment. *[Eats and drinks.]*

Sir Jasp. " Say, will you take the Air? your
 " gilded Chariot shall be ready for you. Do you
 " love Hawking? you have Hawks will soar above
 " the Morning Lark. Or will you hunt? your
 " Hounds shall make the Welkin answer 'em, and
 " fetch shrill Echoes from the hollow Earth.

Guz. A little more Sack. *[Not minding them.]*

Cler. " Do you love Pictures? We will show you
 " *Adonis* painted by a murmuring Brook, and *Ci-*
 " *tharea* all in Sedges hid; which seem to move
 " and wanton with her Breath, even as real Rushes
 " play with the Wind.

Guz. Another Soop of Sack: faith, 'tis excellent
 Liquor. Sir

Sir *Jasp.* “ We’ll shew you *Io*, as she was a
“ Maid, and how she was surpriz’d, as lively pain-
“ ted as the Deed were done.

Guz. No, prithee, let your *Io*’s and your *Donies*
alone, and fetch me a little of this What-d’ye call-
it to eat, ’tis pretty sort of Stuff enough; I like
it——and Sack, more Sack.

Sir *Jasp.* “ Or *Daphne* roaming through a thorny
“ Wood, scratching her snow-white Legs, that one
“ shall swear she bleeds; and at the sight shall see
“ *Appollo* weep, so workmanly the Blood and Leaves
“ are drawn.

Guz. I’ll have no *Daphne*’s nor *Appollo*’s not I.

Cler. Will you be pleas’d to dress?

Guz. Dress! Why, ay, there’s no great harm in
that; come, let’s see—Od, these are delicate fine
things indeed; I shall be a Lord in good earnest.

Cler. “ You are a Lord, and have a Lady far more
“ beautiful than any Woman in this waining Age

Guz. Have I good-lack!

Sir. *Jasp.* “ And till the Tears which she has
“ shed for you, o’er-ran her lovely Face, she was
“ the fairest Creature in the World; yet now she
“ is inferior to few,

Guz. Good-lack, I had quite forgot her! All
this may be true; for I find this eating and drink-
ing, and these fine Clothes, do clear up a Man’s
Understanding; I was born to be a Lord, I find;
and the Cbler of *Preston*, with the Story of *Dor-
cas Guzzle*, whom I suppos’d to be my Wife, is all
a Dream, nothing but a Dream: I am a Lord,
tho’ the Lord knows how it comes about; but ’tis
no great matter. Prithee, honest *Diligence*, bring
our Lady to our sight, and once again some Sack.

Sir *Jasp.* “ O how we joy to see your Wits re-
“ stor’d! These fifteen Years you have been in a
“ sort of Dream.

Guz. " Ha ! Fifteen Years !--By my Faith a very goodly Nap ! But did I never speak in all that time ?

Sir Jasp. " Yes, my Lord, but very idle Words ; for tho' you lay here in this rich Chamber, yet
" wou'd you say you were beaten out of Doors, and
" rail'd against the Hostels of the House, saying, you
" wou'd present her at the *Leet*, because she bought
" Stone-Juggs that wanted Measure ; sometimes
" you wou'd call out of *Judah Hacket*.

Guz. " Ay, the Woman's Daughter of the House.

Cler. " Why, Sir, we know no such house, nor no such Maid, nor yet such Men as you have mention'd.

Guz. No !

Cler. No, my good Lord.

Guz. What a damnable Dream have I been in for these fifteen Years ?

Cler. But now you are awake.

Guz. I am so, Heaven be thanked.

Enter a Servant dress'd as a Lady.

Lady. " How fares my noble Lord. ?

Guz. " Marry, I fare well enough now I'm awake ; prithe, *Diligence*, some more Sack—
" but where's my Wife, *Diligence* ?

Lady. " Here, my Lord ; what is your Pleasure with me ?

Guz. " Are you my Wife, and won't call me Husband ? My men should call me Lord, not you : I am your Good-Man, " or your Spouse, or your Hubba, or something like that.

Lady. " You are both my Lord and Husband, and I your Lady and obedient Wife.

Guz. This is a damnable Dream I have been in !
Diligence, " what must I call her ?

Sir Jasp. " Madam.

Guz. " *Alice* Madam, or *Joan* Madam, or how ?

Sir Jasp. Madam, and nothing else.

Guz.

Guz. Madam Wife sit by us ; they tell me I have slept and dream'd these fifteen Years and more.

Lady. " Yes, and it seems thirty unto me, my " Lord, being all this time abandon'd from your Bed.

Guz. 'Twas pity——Heark ye *Diligence*, get you all gone, and leave Madam Wife and I by ourselves——You know what I'd have, Sirrah.

Lady. What does your Lordship mean ?

Guz. I wou'd have you undress, that we may go to Bed together.

Lady. " O by no means ! I must intreat you to " excuse me yet for a Night or two ; or if not so, " until the Sun be set : for your Physicians have " expresly charg'd, on peril to incur your former " Malady, that I should yet absent me from your " Bed. I hope this Reasons stands for my excuse.

Guz. Ay, it does so ; I must stay your Pleasure, for I should be horribly loth to fall into my dream again.

Diligence, some more Sack---Fine Liquor, Faith !

Sir Jasp. You shall, my Lord.

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. Some of your Honour's Neighbours, hearing of your Recovery, are come with Music, Songs, and Dances, to entertain you.

Guz. With all my heart, let 'em come in ; I love a *Cristmas* Gambol, or a tumbling Trick.

Here a Song and a Dance.

Guz. Very well, Faith——Some more Sack.

Enter Servant.

Serv. An't please your Honour, there are two Women without, one of them had your Warrant for the other, to answer her Complaints.

Guz. *Diligence* !

Sir Jasp. My Lord !

B 6

Guz.

Guz. Am I a Justice o'the Peace ?

Sir Jasp. Yes, your Lordship is, you know it.

Guz. Who is our Clerk ?

Sir Jasp. I am, my Lord.

Guz. Let them come in.

Enter Guzzle's Wife and Dame Hacket.

Zoons! I'm in a Dream again ! There's *Cicey Hacket*, and the Jade my Wife.

Hack. So please your Worship— [*To Sir Jasp.*

Sir Jasp. You are mistaken, Woman, that's my Lord ; I have no Business when his Lordship's we l——there sits the Justice.

Guz. Ay, we sit here ; what wou'd you have with us ?

Hack. This naughty Woman, an please your W rship——

Guz. Hold, hold--Shou'd she not call me Honour ?

Sir Jasp. Yes, my Lord.

Guz. Look ye there, Woman, you shou'd know your Distance, and in what manner to approach our Person ; call us Your Honour, Woman.

Hack. An please your Honour, this false Woman has most wickedly abus'd me, defam'd to the World, to ruin me, and spoil my Reputation ; she has call'd me Whore, an please you.

Guz. By my Honour, a material Point ! Here's *Scandilum Magnation* in the Case, this must not go unpunish'd--But hold a little--Are you both awake now, or in a Dream ?--Give me some Sack, delicious Sack.

Hack. No, no, my Lord, I don't dream.

Guz. Well, what say you, Woman ?——*Diligence*, we must do Justice, and hear both sides ; 'tis an old Maxim in these Affairs, That one's Story is good, till another's be told.

Sir Jasp. Yes, my Lord.

Guz. Proceed, Woman,

D: Guz.

D. Guz. I am so please you, a poor Cobbler's Wife of *Preston*; my Husband this wicked Woman has taken from me; he was once an honest Man, and liv'd in Peace and Love with me for fifteen Years; but falling to the Company of that lewed Woman, she has seduc'd him, and drawn him into her Snare, from his Home, and from me his Wife.

Guz. What was your Husband's Name?

D. Guz. *Toby Guzzle*, so please you.

Guz. Psha! Psha! you know not what you say, Woman; 'tis all a Dream I tell you.

D. Guz. Indeed my Lord, 'tis true.

Guz. How! Sure I know better than you, you Baggage: wou'd you give the Lye to *Authority*? throw the Lye into the very Face of *Authority*?--I tell you I am *Authority*, and were I to say the Moon is made of a *Mustard-Pot*, you must believe it---Give me some Sack--I say 'tis all a Dream, you have no Husband, nor is there any such a man as *Toby Guzzle*.

D. Guz. I know not what your Honour means, but I'm sure-----

Guz. You lye, you are not sure; for I say, Woman, 'tis impossible to be sure of any thing but Death and Taxes---therefore hold your Tongue, or you shall both be soundly whipt--Sure I know my Office--Give me some Sack--Lord, how I sweat! Why I was in a Dream for fifteen Years myself, and dreamt I marry'd you--*Dorcas* is your Name?

D. Guz. *Toby*! Odds-daggers! Mr. Justice's Honour, my Husband! A Lord, with a pox to you! I'll claw you, you Dog!

Guz. Lay hold on her-----

Hack. Ah, you Carrion Cur, do we come to you for Justice?

Guz. She's in a Dream too, lay hold on her---
Some Sack, I say.

Sir

Sir *Jasp.* Will your Honour be pleas'd to discharge 'em, and send 'em home?

Guz. Discharge 'em no, I think not: what do I fit here for? They are scolding Queans, and let 'em be *whipt*, or carry them to the *Ribble* and duck 'em——I'll try if I can't tame you——Give me some more Sack——lord, how I Labour!

Sir *Jasp.* Away with 'em

Hack. Don't tell me, I'll not be duck'd——

D. Guz. Nor I neither, I'll——

Sir *Jasp.* You are not to answer any thing; 'tis his Worship's Orders and must be executed: away with 'em——

Hack. I say I'll—— [*They are hurried off.*]

Guz. Away, away with 'em, I say——and some more Sack——What's here! Neighbour *Grist* the Miller, and Master *Snuffle*——

Enter a Miller and Snuffle.

Well, and what are your Complaints?

Snuf. May it please your Worship, while I was gone this Morning to pour forth some spitual Comfort unto a tender Ewe, belonging unto my own Flock; my Wife, it seems, being a weak Vessel, and mov'd more abundantly by the Mightiness of the Flesh than the Meekness of the Spirit, drew this lew'd Miller into the very Mouse-Trap of Iniquity. I coming home somewhat before my usual time, this Son of Darkeness was put under a Dough-trough. I, being innocent of all, sat me down to Breakfast (having first crav'd a Blessing) *Deborah* sat her down also. While I was thus comforting the outward Man, the Miller under the Trough happen'd to sneeze. The Noise proceeding from behind my Wife, I said unto her, *Bless you good Woman! bless you!* But he sneezing twice or thrice more, I became sensible of my Error,
and

and approached the Place from whence I thought the Noise did proceed ; and turning over the Dough-trough, became a Witness of my Wife's Sin, and my own Shame----I did then proceed to reprehend the Miller in a most Patient manner ; but he, being harden'd in his Guilt, did answer my Rebukes with a strong Cudgel over my weak Shoulders----yea--- he hath bruised me exceedingly.

Guz. Miller, thou art, I perceive, a Knave in Grain, and *measureth* not as thou wou'dst be *measured* unto, for thus *striking* the *Flower* of Patience ; but I will *bolt* out the Truth of this Story---therefore *Miller*, be not *mealy-mouth'd* but proceed to thy Defence---but see you use no *chaffy* Arguments--- Give me some more Sack

Mill. May it please your Worship, altho' I'm a Miller, I am a very honest Man, and that mahap you'll say, s a wonder ; but howsomdever I scorn to deny the Truth : Master *Snuffle's* Wife and I have been very great, and for that matter---so has my Wife and Master *Snuffle*.

Guz. How ! how's that ?

Mill. For he threatning to go for a Warrant for me, you must know I went my ways to drink a Flaggon of my Dame *Hacket's* Ale, (and good Ale 'tis as ony's in *Preston*.)

Guz. Ay, so 'tis, Miller.

Mill. And then I went home, and told our *Joan* all that had hapen'd ! and all of a sudden my little Dog, that I keep to hunt the Hogs out o'the Mill, fell a barking at a Sack that stood up in the Chimney-Nook (*Barks like a Dog*) Whoop, quo' I what a murrain mun thic be now ? So what does me I, but opens the Sack, and who should be in it but this *false Teacher* : So that the short and the long is, an't shall please your Worship, that if I have *expounded* in his *Pulpit*--he

has

has *held forth* in my *Hopper*; and there's an end on't.

Guz. The *Miller* speaks well, and not like a proud Coxcomb, one of your *Corn-fed Fools*—I must acquit you both, for according to Law, Exchange is no Robbery; and in this Case seems to be. *Miller* go thee home, use thy Wife well, and she'll not carry her *Grist* to another Man's Mill. Now for thee, Master *Snuffle* who art by Trade both *Taylor* and *Sadler*, a Workman for *Man* and *Beast*, who has leap'd from thy *Shop-Board* into the *Half-Tub*---and with a *Taylor's-Head* made *Sermons* without either *Head* or *Tail*; and instead of *pressing* Cloth with thy *Goose*, has often, like a *Goose*, *oppress'd* the Truth; I say, keep to thy Calling, and cut thy *Coat* according to thy *Cloth*.

Snuf. But if your Worship would hear me-----

Guz. I won't hear—What! instruct Justice!---

Snuf. Yea, verily, it is our way; it being our Opinion, that *Dominion* is founded on *Grace*.

Guz. I say, *Taylor*, don't *cloke* over a *tatter'd Suit* of hypocritical *Knavery*, with a fair *Facing* of an *outside Profession*: for let me tell you, Goodman *Taylor*, or *Sadler*, you want a *Bridle*; for you have more *Mouth* than *Bit*, and need no *Spur* to *Wickedness*: but let me advise you, you get not *Strappings* for cutting *Thongs* out of other Mens *Leather*, but for the future be *girt* with *Prudence*, accept the *Snarffle* of *Admonition*, and cease to *stir up* *Sedition*, lest you become a *well-pummell'd Sadler*, and so I'll sing you a Song:

Sings. *Who puts a Doublet on a Horse,*

Or on a Man a Saddle,

Or claps a Stocking on his Head,

Sure that Man's Brain is addle:

Then let not men ungifted paddle

In Streams of Sanctuary;

Teach

*Teach without Knowledge, basely meddle
With what their Heads can't carry.*

So get you gone home, and mend your Life. High-
ho! I'll but take a Nap and talk with you again----

[He falls asleep. Exit Snuffle and Miller.]

Sir *Jasp.* The Wretch has made himself dead
drunk again: What! shall we disrobe him of this
State and Honour, and leave him in the Place we
found him?

Cler. Ay, I'm satisfied with Laughing, I ne'er
saw better Sport.

Sir *Jasp.* How monstrous is this Fellow's Drun-
kenness! where he sure of Paradise, on the Con-
dition of leaving it, he wou'd forfeit the Blessing
the first time Opportunity put it in his power—
But come let's attend his Lordship, and take our
leave of him.

[Exeunt omnes.]

[Servants carry off Guzzle.]

SCENE changes to a Field.

*Enter Dame Hacket and Dorcas Guzzle, Wet and
Dirty.*

D. Guz. This comes of your Warrant at your
breach: an you had not been so quarrelsome, this
had never been.

Hack. I'll Rogue him I'll Honour him, and Ju-
stice him; I'll teach him to duck an honest Woman,
to quoit me into the River like a Cat: you knew
him, and be hang'd to you; I did not, not I, a Drop-
Gallows.

D. Guz. No, in truth, if I had known his
Rogueship, the Devil shou'd have had him, before
I'd have call'd him Honour.

Hack. I'll fouse him.

D. Guz.

D. Guz. I'll run an Awl in his Buttocks, the first time I lay my Eyes on him, a Dog-Whelp.

Hack. But how came Sir *Jasper Manley* to concern himself with him?

D. Guz. I know not, but here's a Guinea one of the Servants gave me when they pull'd me out of the Water; he told me you must have half on't, and bid us put up the Injury, Sir *Jasper* would make us amends.

Hack. Ay, that's something indeed: yet by the by, 'tis a plaguy thing that poor Folks Bones must pay for rich Folks Frolics and Whims. But come let's go warm our Insides with a Flaggon or two of my Ale, and dry our Outsides by the Fire, where we'll study to be reveng'd—But see, here comes Sir *Jasper's* Servants with that drunken Beast your Husband! Let us step to the Hedge, and pluck a Couple of Cudgels, and try if we can wake him out of his Dream. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Servants, brings in Guzzle asleep, and lay him down.

Serv. I. Throw him down lay his Honour in the Dust again, and there let him rest. Softly, for fear he wakes—Go you Beast—Now away, that we mayn't be seen. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Dame Hacket and Dorcas Guzzle, with each a Stick.

Hack. Oh, you cursed Dog, are you in Querp^o again?

D. Guz. Oh, you Rogue, rouze, rouze and be hang'd. [*Strikes him.*]

Huz. Give me some Sack, Mr. *Diligence.*

Gack. A Halter for you. [*Strikes him.*]

Guz. Mother *Hacket*, give me some Ale——
Where am I, and where have I been? I am in a Dream again, *Hack,*

Hack. We'll fetch you out of it. [Strikes him.

Guz. Wife!

D. Guz. You were a Lord, and a Justice, and sent me to the Ducking-stool, did you? But I'll Rogue you for it.

Hack. Here, get up you Dog-Rogue.

Guz. Hold, hold, you curled Jades! Will you murder a Man in cold Blood? Hold, I say.

[They both beat him.

D. Guz. No, no, we are the Justices now.

Hack. Ay, now 'tis our turn, Sirrah.

Guz. Nay, if it comes to this once, I must make one.

[Takes his Strap from his Shoulders, and beats both of 'em.

Both. Hold, hold! A Truce, a Truce!

Guz. I care not, I'll treat of Peace with Sword in hand——Is it Peace or War?

Both. Peace, Peace.

Guz. Down with your Weapons then——And lie thou there, Correction——[They fling down their Sticks.] Now let's shake hands, laugh at all that has happen'd, and drown Animosities in a Dozen of Ale——I have a merry Hog left yet——[Feels in his Pocket, and pulls out a Purse.] Ha! a Purse! and forty or fifty good Shillings in it! the best Part of my Dream's at last——this will make me a Man again——Cicely, I'll pay thy Score off first: Nay, prithee Dorcas don't thee frown——Look here——Chink, chink! Sure that which stiches up Seams between Kingdoms, will make the merry Cbler of Preston and his Wife, Friends again.

Ad's foot give me thy Hand, let all Quarrels cease,
“ And when we are a-bed, we'll Sign the Peace.

F I N I S.



A

DIALOGUE

Sung by Mr. *Leveridge* and Mrs. *Fitzgerald*

He. *Since Times are so bad, I must tell the Sweet-
 I'm thinking to leave off my Plow and my
 And to the fair City a journey will go, (heart,
 To better my Fortune as other Folks do: (Cart:*

*Since some have from Ditches,
 And course Leather Breeches,
 Been rais'd to be rulers, and wallow'd in Riches.
 Prithee come, come from thy Wheel;
 For if Gypsies don't lye,
 I shall be a Governour too, e'er I die.*

She. *Ah, Collin! by all thy late doings I find,
 With sorrow and trouble the Pride of thy Mind;
 Our Sheep now at random disorderly run,
 And now Sunday's Jacket goes ev'ry day on:
 Ah! what dost thou mean?*

He. *To make my Shoes clean,
 And foot it to Court to the King and the Queen,
 Where shewing my Parts, I Preferment shall
 (win.*

She. *Fie 'tis better for us to plow and to spin;
 For as to the Court when thou happen'st to try,
 Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou canst
 (buy:
 For*

A Dialogue.

29

For Money the Devil, the Devil and all's to
(be found,
But no good Parts minded, without the good
(Pound.

He. Why then I'll take Arms,
And follow Alarms,

Hunt Honour that now-a-days plaguily charms.

She. And so lose a Limb by a Shot or a blow,
And curse thyself after for leaving the Plow,

He. Suppose I turn Gamester?

She. So cheat and be hang'd:

He. What think'st of the road then?

She. The Highway to be hang'd.

He. Nice Pimping however, yields Profit for Life,
I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife.

She. That's dangerous too,
Amongst the Town-Crew,
For some of 'em will do the same thing by you;
And then I to cuckold you may be drawn in:
Faith, Collin, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

He. Will nothing prefer me? What thiuk'st of the
(Law?

She. O! while you live, Collin, keep out of that
(Paw.

He. I'll cant, and I'll pray:

She. Ah! there's nought got that way;
There's no one minds now what those black Cat-
(tel say.

Let all our whole Care

Be our Farming Affair, (bear.

He. To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-Trees

Two Voices.

Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show:

She. So I'll to my Distaff,

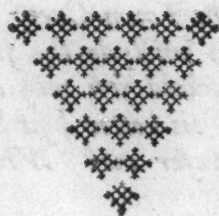
He. And I'll to my Plow.

Chorus

A Dialogue.

C H O R U S.

Let all our whole Care
Be our Farming Affair, (bear.
To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-Trees
Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show;
So I'll to my Distaff,
And I'll to my Plow.



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